THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

22 YEARS AGO...

Alexandra Ivanova...
Do you know why you're here?

Ya ne govoryu po angliyski, cyka.

No, of course you don't. How absent minded of me.
< But I've been practicing my Russian. >

< What? >
< Can't speak at all now? >
MIL

GRRMBLE

< Who are you, Santa Claus? >

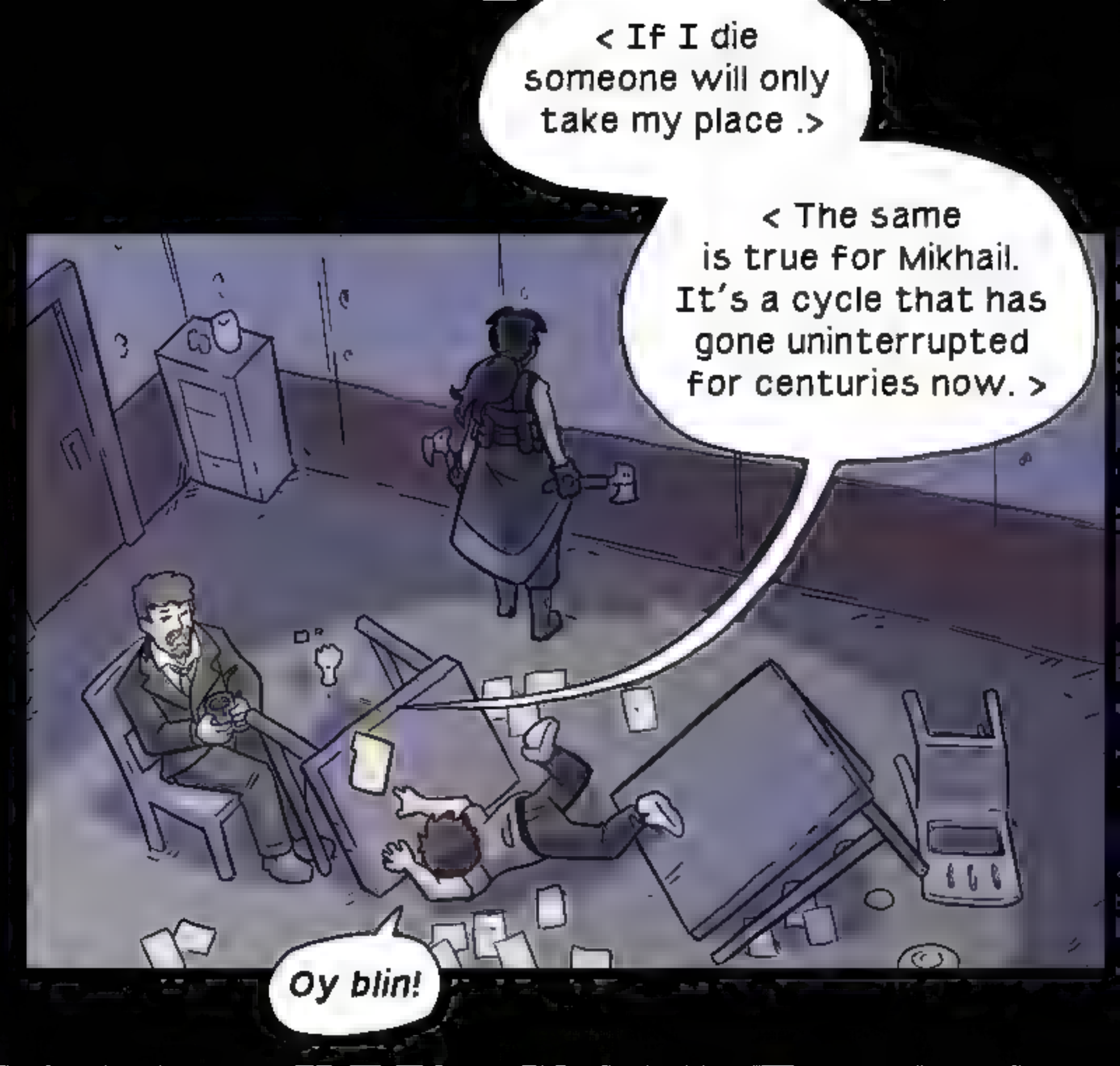
Hah!
< I'm agent... chairman Gold. >
< And thanks to your brother... I'm now the head of the Atlas Foundation. >

MILK
Ah.

DSH

< Then you're the one I have to kill to avenge Mikhail! >

TK


< If I die someone will only take my place .>
< The same is true for Mikhail. It's a cycle that has gone uninterrupted for centuries now. >
Oy blin!

< I want to end that cycle. >
< I want your *help*, Alexandra. >

< You want *my* help? >

< My predecessor believed in eliminating the Harbingers... the people like your brother... with extreme force. Yet every time one died it spelled disaster. And if the deed was done in a populated area... well you saw what happened to Chernobyl. >

<That wasn't my brother.>

< By the time
we got to him...
it really wasn't. >

< Certainly you noticed the changes. And I don't just mean the physical ones. I'm sure Mikhail got colder. Distant. Distracted. Less *human*. >

< The two of you evaded us for a long time, Few Harbingers live that long. Fewer maintain a connection like he shared with you. You have insight into the way these souls think. The way they change. You can help us in our mission. >

< To kill the next one? To murder the next person to get my brother's golden soul? >

< To *save* them. >
< There is much you can teach us, Alexandra Ivanova. >

<And in exchange... >
< I am sure there is much we can teach you. >

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